

# F.M.I.

## *Female Mimics International*

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 7

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# Orgy at the Poysinberry Bar II

*All models over 18 years of age*

*Adults Only*

*The Original Magazine For Men Who Enjoy Dressing Like Women*

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# F.M.I.

*Female Mimics  
International*

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*The Original Magazine For Men Who Enjoy Dressing Like Women!*

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# Editorial

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*Thank you, wonderful readers. The two letters at the end of the 'letters section' are of special note because of the wonderful photos they enclosed with their great letters. I hope that other readers of FMI take note and see fit to supply us with similar glamorous material. The people that are open enough to have other friends that they can share dressing up with should take advantage of this by taking more photos of each other. Those who must stay more secretive about it know what fun it would all be.*

*We are happy to have Linda Lee in our pages although it does seem that Linda is hanging up the dress for a while. We have seen for ourselves and heard from those we respect that Linda's acting career is going well. Linda is so talented that we feel she should be on the professional stage rather than just civic theatre.*

*I hope you all enjoy the photo spread from "She-Male Triangle" enough to avail yourself of the coupon ad in the back of the book. It is a quality piece of very hot stuff made by someone I really admire (wink, wink).*









# She Male

## TRIANGLE



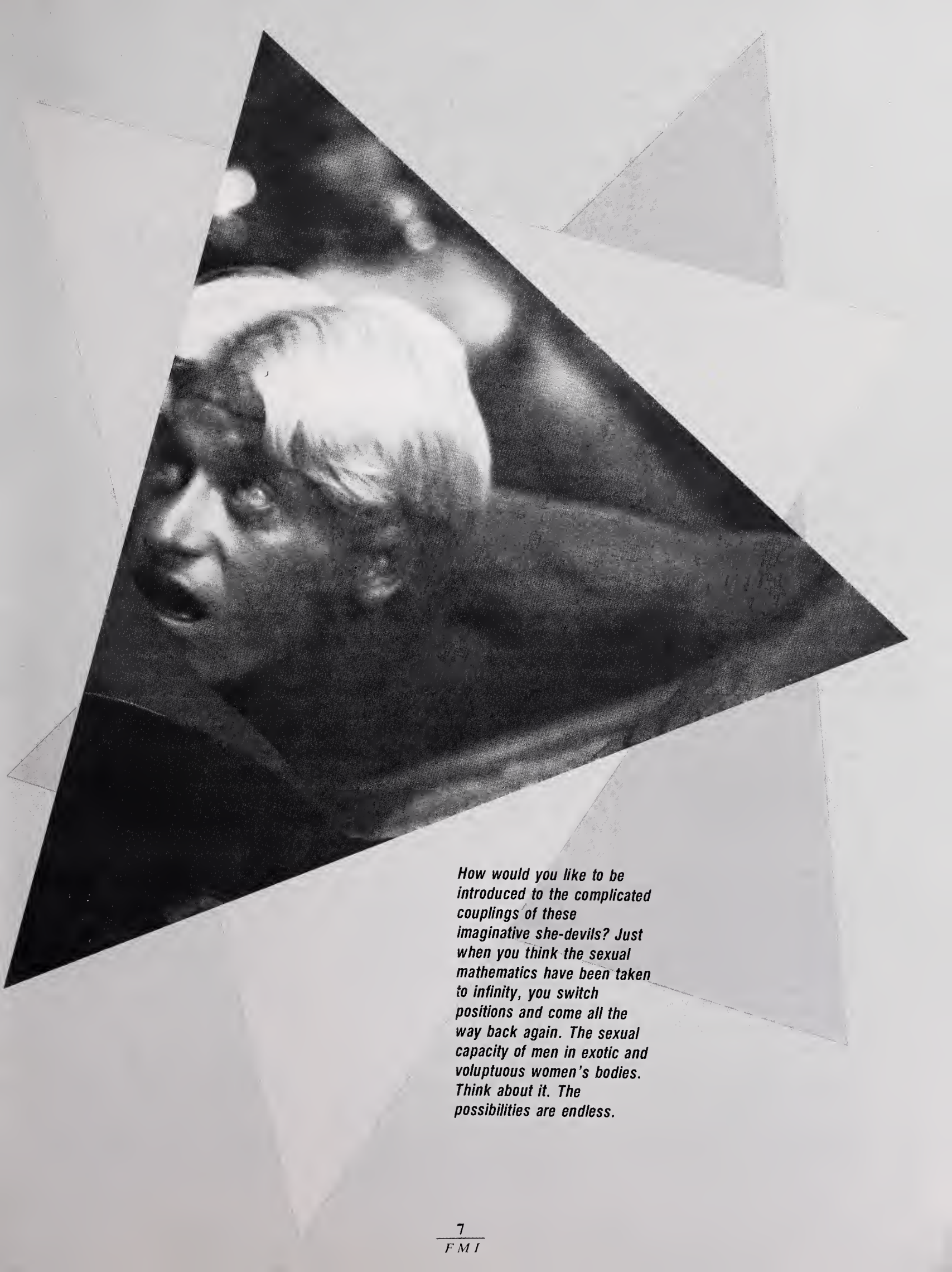
We'd like to introduce you to a new line of video products from an old friend. "With Love, From Kim", is a series of videos designed for the entertainment and education of those interested in transvestism, transsexualism and these related areas. Our introductory video stars an old friend, Sulka. For those of you who have had limited viewing time of Sulka since her sex change, now is the time to take advantage of this new and exciting video. Serena and Sulka train and tame this young blond stud that Sulka picked up after a night of revelry. This unsuspecting young dude thinks that he has lucked out to find two horny babes, when actually, what he will find is the voracious and dominant desires of two She-Males unleashed.











*How would you like to be introduced to the complicated couplings of these imaginative she-devils? Just when you think the sexual mathematics have been taken to infinity, you switch positions and come all the way back again. The sexual capacity of men in exotic and voluptuous women's bodies. Think about it. The possibilities are endless.*





# Letters to the Editor

If you wish to write to Kim and possibly have your correspondence published, please address it to Kim Christy, C/O FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. BOX 1622, Studio City, CA 91604.

Dear Kim,

I have been dressing for many years. My first experience was before I started school, and came with the approval of my mother and grandmother. It is one of my earliest and happiest memories. Now that I live alone, I am able to indulge my pleasure as frequently as I wish. I find that with greater opportunities for this sort of self-expression, my outlook and tastes change. I am now very much into glamour and wit — two things that are plentiful in F.M.I. My congratulations to you.

In addition to more freedom, I am also enjoying more openness. I go out dressed regularly, and shop for clothes without the subterfuge of buying a gift for a lady friend. I have generally found that saleswomen are accepting and are eager to be helpful. This means that I am always satisfied with my purchases and with the process of shopping. But there are occasional exceptions.

At the end of this summer I was attracted to a store in which I generally don't shop by a sale (what true girl can resist a sale?). One dress in the shop caught my eye, and the clerk came over to "assist" me. "This looks very interesting," I said, "but I'm not sure how it would look on. Can it be returned?"

"No," she said. "Sale

merchandise cannot be returned."

"Well, I'm not sure, and I don't have my things with me to try it on." I was dressed in male clothes at the time.

"You couldn't try it on anyways," she said. "You are a man and this is a women's store."

***"It is up to us to oppose the more blatant forms of discrimination."***

I reminded her that discrimination on the basis of sex was illegal in Philadelphia, as is discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. She was unmoved. So I told her that I had no other choice but to file a complaint against the store with the city's Human Relations Commission, which I did.

I would like to say that the commission treated me with the utmost respect and courtesy. As a matter of fact, the only comment I heard about the nature of the complaint was when one case worker said, "We don't get many

complaints like this."

I know of no locality where the right to crossdress is specifically protected by law. In some areas, however, laws against crossdressing have been struck down. But I would urge my sisters — those who are able to at least — to use existing sex discrimination laws to assert our rights. Movies (*Victor/Victoria*), television (remember *Bosom Buddies*?) and other media have publicized crossdressing and made it somewhat acceptable if only in certain circumstances. It is up to us to follow up and oppose the more blatant forms of discrimination we suffer. Only then will attitudes change.

I'll surrender my soapbox (for a jewel box?), and close by saying again how much I enjoy your magazine. I feel proud everytime I read your tag line — "*The original magazine for men who enjoy dressing as women.*" Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Paula

Dear Paula,

Hip, hip hooray! I really love letters of this sort. It's too bad that many of the readers would be endangering their families, their relationships, and jobs if they were to stand up as you did. You are fortunate for two reasons, to be in



*a position to fight back and to have the kind of character that you do fight back. The kind of balls you have have nothing to do with basic male plumbing (even though you do have them) but the kind of balls that any gender can have. My wig is off to you.*

Love,  
Kim

Dear Kim,

I think you and the F.M.I. staff do a great job of presenting the she-male lifestyle and image. I just wanted to write and thank you for the work you are doing on behalf of those males who enjoy dressing and behaving as women. It is a pleasure to read each and every issue of F.M.I.

I especially enjoy reading the letters section and I thought it would be a nice idea to write in and share one of my own crossdressing experiences with everyone.

Some twenty-two years ago when I was "sweet sixteen", I got my first job working as a busboy in a large suburban restaurant. It was part-time on Friday and Saturday nights. The restaurant was the sort of place where they have large parties and wedding receptions as well as a regular dining room. The pay was minimal and the work was hard but I was thrilled to have the job. I cleared the tables after guests left, set them up with clean linens and place settings, and assisted the waitresses with anything they might require. The place employed about twenty waitresses and a dozen or so busboys in addition to hostesses and kitchen help, cashiers and parking lot attendants. I suppose there were fifty or sixty employees. In such a large group it took me a while to learn the names and faces.

After three months I was given a sort of promotion. I had been working in the general dining

room. The head waitress liked my work so much she asked me if I would mind transferring to the banquet room. There was no raise in pay but it meant getting more tip money since a flat 15% was guaranteed, there were ten waitresses in the banquet room and me as the only busboy. The waitresses were all older than I was, of course, and tended to boss me around. In time I got to know some of them pretty well.

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*"I found it strangely  
thrilling to hear  
women talk about me  
in this way."*

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There was one waitress named Erika who was tall and very dominant in personality. She was the bossiest most of the time but I liked her very much and we got on very well. One night after we had cleaned up following a banquet, we were all sitting around taking a break when Erika suddenly asked me in front of all the others, "Say, has anyone ever told you what a pretty face you have? With that face and your figure you should have been a girl." The others giggled but all I could do was blush. The truth was that I was a very effeminate boy who could easily be mistaken for being a girl. I was petite with a slender figure, clear complexion, coarse, curly light brown hair and fine features. The fact was that I had already experienced the joys of crossdressing and was at that very moment wearing a pair of girl's panties beneath my trousers. I had been a transvestite since the age of seven when I discovered my sister's

clothing. However, up to that point, I had pursued my interest in female attire only in private.

While I squirmed and blushed, a discussion ensued between Erika and the other waitresses concerning my appearance and my potential for being a female. While I was acutely embarrassed on the one hand, I also found it strangely thrilling to hear the women talk about me that way.

The following weekend Erika and another waitress got me aside in the kitchen and made me a proposition. They wanted to play a practical joke on someone they knew would be attending a banquet in a few weeks. It was a man they knew and they wanted to fool him into thinking that I was a girl. To do this Erika wanted to fix me up as a waitress and have me serve his table. They insisted that no one would ever know and that the other waitresses would be sworn to secrecy. I was very skeptical and reluctant to do such a thing. The idea of impersonating a woman in public frankly was very frightening to me. Wearing my sister's panties around was one thing but getting dressed up as a waitress was quite another. Erika and the other girl kept pressuring me though and eventually I gave in. The more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea and the more excited I was about being disguised as a waitress.

Three weeks later I reported early and found Erika and two other waitresses waiting to make me over. They took me into the changing room where all of the waitresses had small lockers to put their valuables and spare shoes while they were at work. I stripped and put on a pair of pantyhose and a tight girdle. Then came a bra, falsies, and a full slip. The uniform was dark green trimmed with white. The hem of the skirt, which fit very closely around my thighs, fell just below the knee. I wore a regular pair of low-heeled working shoes designed for



comfort rather than glamour. I sat on a bench while they made my face up and put a wig over my short male hair. The wig was made of real human hair and was styled as a page boy. A little ruffled cap was pinned over the crown and a matching apron was tied tightly around my waist with a large floppy bow trailing over my girdled posterior. A pair of earrings was clipped on and a bracelet or two slipped over my wrist. They also took the time to manicure and lacquer my fingernails. When I was done and saw myself in the mirror, I felt really special. I made quite an attractive little waitress and Erika was very pleased with the way I turned out. When I was taken out into the dining room and shown to the other girls, they were very complimentary and made such a fuss over me.

I worked alongside the others to get things set up for the banquet. The man we were playing the joke on was an older gentleman who had acquired quite a reputation for letting his hands stray when waitresses came to his table. He was a frequent visitor in the regular dining room and this evening he was to be a guest at a banquet. I wasn't quite sure what was expected of me and I did not know what to expect of this gentleman but it was too late now to back out. Erika kept reassuring me that it was going to work out just fine. When the guests came in, she pointed out the man in question and I was assigned to work his table. Sure enough when I went over to get the order for drinks, he made some sly remark about my appearance. I pretended not to notice and went about my business. But whenever I returned to the table he would either make some remark or put his hands all over me. The group he was with were all truck drivers who worked for the same company. The others were more gentlemanly in their

behavior than this man but they seemed amused by his antics. When I was away from the table I could hear them talking about me the way men talk about pretty girls they would like to get in bed with. To be truthful, I got more than a little excited and my thing started to swell up inside my girdle.

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*"My thing started to swell up inside my girdle."*

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Erika and the other waitresses were going about their work but everyone was keeping a close eye on progress at my table. There were a lot of winks and glances exchanged between us. As far as I know, no one in the room realized that I was really a boy. Of course, I did not have to do a lot of talking or perhaps someone might have suspected the truth.

There was a gooey meringue covered pie on the dessert menu. When it came time to serve, Erika took me aside and told me to make sure I stood next to the guy long enough for him to grab me. Then she wanted me to dump a tray of pie all over him. I was very nervous as I carried the pie tray over to the table. There was a lot of noise in the room - everyone was talking and no one really paid much attention as I moved into position. Sure enough the old lecher put his hand on my leg and ran it up my skirt just like Erika said he would. And just like she told me to do I dumped the entire tray over his head and lap. There was a loud crash as the dishes, silverware, and the tray itself cascaded over him. The room went silent. When he realized what had happened, he stood up quickly and swore at me. He had pieces of pie and streaks of meringue all over his suit and trousers. I turned

around and ran for the kitchen. I went and hid in a small storeroom. A few minutes later Erika found me and made me come back out into the banquet room. Several of the other waitresses were still busy cleaning up the mess. Erika marched me up to the head table where she introduced me to the master of ceremonies. She came right out and told him that I was really a boy disguised as a waitress and she went on to explain why they had played the joke on the man who had pie spilled on him. He was not in the room, having left to go and clean himself up. The master of ceremonies thought it was quite funny so he got on the microphone and let everyone in the room in on the joke. They all hooted and laughed when he informed them that the sweet young waitress who had dumped the pie all over John so-and-so had done so to protect herself from a dirty old man. But they really went into an uproar when the master of ceremonies let them in on the big secret - that I wasn't really a sweet young waitress but a sixteen year old boy instead. In the middle of the uproar the old lecher returned to the room and was greeted with whistles and catcalls from his co-workers. It was quite a scene. I don't know if they ever told him or not.

I have had many crossdressing adventures over the years but I don't think any of them will ever prove as entertaining as the night I was a waitress.

I do hope you will continue publishing F.M.I. I look forward to each new issue. Truly there are no women in the world as beautiful as those who grace your pages.

Love,  
Patricia

Lord, Patricia,

*I only wish we could all have such a dramatic debut. What a*



*wonderful and light-hearted story. I truly got a good laugh.*

My Dear Kim Christy,

I am writing you in hopes that you can help me or someone you know can help me. I am a pre-op transsexual who is on hormones whenever I can afford them. I also have recently become unemployed. I have read your magazine *Female Mimics International* for several years. In the course of my readings I have found you and your staff have helped many of us girls with your exquisite advice and referrals so we may truly become the women we desire to be as to correct the errors of nature by trapping us in male bodies.

I realized that my total transition of my body will mean me going through many trials & tribulations to overcome many hardships to come. I now wish to advance my transition to womanhood even further. My next goal is to obtain a job and retain such job as either a pre-op transsexual or as a woman.

Now comes the completions of my next step in which I seek your assistance.

My only job experience(s) have been in security or prostitution, and all my past employment has been as a male in my birth given name. Therefore I cannot obtain a job as a woman with past employment experience or references without telling my prospective employer the truth and thus resulting in either ridicule or immediate prejudice against me for the position.

Having not ever received a legal name change, my social security number is in my male name and my employer will later find out I am not a woman if and when the Government notifies them that my social security number is not the one issued to my femme name of Kristina Marie.

Approximately 1½ years ago, while in a state of emotional

unrest, I went and got married. My wife is a wonderful person and knows that I crossdress or had crossdressed prior to our marriage. Unfortunately she does not understand, approve, or desire to. (a problem I will need to work out with her later).

As you can now see I need

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***“Posing for a  
photographer makes  
me feel like a  
centerfold model.”***

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assistance and/or advice in obtaining such a position. Also if you know of any such understanding employers who will be discreet, or available jobs (even possibly one of your new movies if I'd fit in) that hire pre-op T.S.'s, please forward a copy of this letter to them or write me and let me know. You may also print this letter in your magazine

Thank you in advance.

With much love,  
Kristina Marie

Dear Kristina Marie,

*I hope that when this letter reaches you, you are still in a pre-op state. these issues that concern you are very pertinent to the transsexual and should be taken up with your counselor. If you are receiving hormones without the guidance of a counselor then you are making a grave mistake. The most successful transsexuals I know had a great deal of counseling first. often the same problem of employment came up. For some, this was too great an obstacle to overcome. Most counselors recommend honesty, as do I. If you feel you can't hack the pressure of being a transsexual, this must be brought up now. You will save yourself years of*

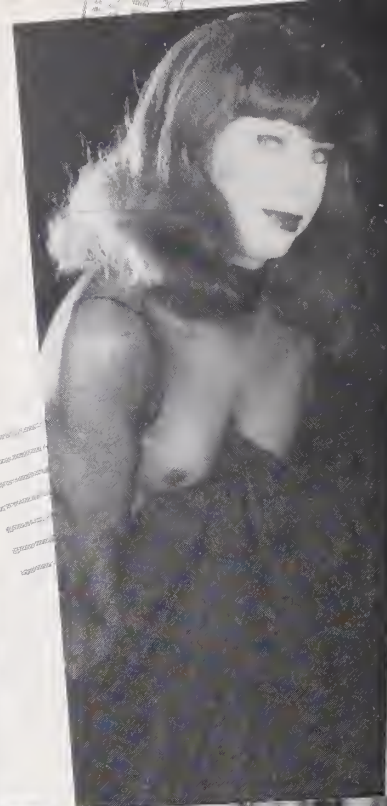
*heartache. My stand on this is not always well-liked or politically correct, but you will have the feelings and some of the apparatus but you can't change the basic truth. Please seek professional help and write to us again, we'd all like to know of your experiences and we care.*

Dear Kim,

Recently I read a copy of your magazine for the first time. Frankly, I didn't expect too much at first, having read a lot of magazines which feature she-males. However, I soon realized that your magazine is the best ever! I now have three more FMI's and have found some great reading in each one. It's so refreshing to find a she-male magazine which doesn't rely on pornography for its sales, and which doesn't spoil the pictures of its featured models by showing them in "revealing full frontal" poses. I know this is a matter of individual preference; in fact, a lot of male friends have told me that they like full-frontals best of all. And I get more requests for this type of photo, from friends and penfriends, than for any other. So it's easy to understand why so many photos of this type are published; but I still have a feeling that they are not really in good taste.

In the photos that I take of myself, with the aid of a cable release and motor drive on the camera, I try to be as feminine as possible. It's hard to compete with your spectacular professional models but I'd like to think there's room for my pictures in your magazine. Occasionally I get to pose for a male friend and I enjoy this very much. In fact, some of my most delightful photo sessions have resulted from phone calls, saying "Robyn, I've just bought a camera, what say I come over and try it out on you?" Or words to that effect. Posing for a friendly photographer makes me feel a little





like a centerfold model . . . it's a lovely experience.

Your magazine is well edited and many of the letters from your contributors are well-written and very interesting. Of course, there are some naughty girls amongst them, but then I'm a naughty girl too! A quote from one letter sounded a bell for me . . . "The most exciting thing in life is to be accepted as a woman by a man." I couldn't agree more. I've had lots of male admirers and don't regret a minute of it.

On countless occasions I've gone through the ritual of preparing for a date. There is all the careful grooming . . . the body must be smooth and soft all over. Then the long shower and the careful work in front of the make-up mirror. Finally the selection of the garments to be worn, with your male friend's preferences in mind; most guys love suspender belts and stockings, and many ask for other items of underwear, such as lacy

slips and panties . . . the gown or dress is then chosen, "crowning glory" carefully arranged, and those glamorous high-heels can then be slipped on. A final check in front of the mirror, and then there is the wait, in pleasant anticipation, feeling sleek and slinky, for the doorbell to ring. . .

It's so nice, when opening the door to a male friend, to see his look of admiration and hear him say something like "You look lovely, Robyn." There's sometimes a little bottom-pinching on the way upstairs but I've never been known to complain about that. One day, though, a male friend did keep a respectful distance below me, which had me wondering. I found out later that the gown I was wearing was somewhat transparent

due to the light above me; my visitor could see my body silhouetted through the gown. He said that he'd been admiring my legs as we ascended the stairs and that they had looked "fantastic" from his vantage point below me.





person. Also they like to have someone to talk to about their work; so I am a good listener, and I find this is a good way to broaden my knowledge. I like to serve coffee, or pour drinks, or even to have a satisfying meal cooked and ready when this is appropriate. I think there is much more involved in being feminine than just donning female clothing!

I suppose I could be described as affectionate and sensual by nature and my regular male friends know this. Some of them have been visiting me for years. They are well aware that when it's time for soft lights and sweet music there won't be any difficulty in seducing me! I'll enjoy every touch and caress anywhere on my body. I particularly love to have my

nipples sucked and tongued. At one stage, I was on a course of injections of female hormones, which made the nipples swell and become even more sensitive. I remember getting some extra attention to my breasts at that time; the thought of my being brimful of female hormones seemed to turn the guys on!

I am enclosing a number of photos Kim which I hope will be suitable for publishing in FMI. I really think your magazine is tops and I'd love to appear in it.

Warmest regards,  
Robyn

*What a sexy letter. I love people who can really revel in the process of crossdressing. You have a very sensuous concept of femininity. I know our readers will enjoy your marvelous pictures.*

Thanks,  
Kim

what a nice surprise, I hadn't realized it was happening.

I've found that all men respond favorably to being made to feel welcome, and at home, and to being treated like a very special



Dearest Kim,

From the depths of my heart I would like to thank you, FMI, and your readers for your support and contributions to my personal happiness. Using your classifieds has turned out to be a far better vehicle to communicate and meet people than I would have ever imagined; and certainly better than being groped and solicited in the often seedy T.V. Bars and clubs we often visit.

With your example Kim, and your readers encouragement, I've become a confident, extroverted young "lady", enjoying many of the avenues of our art including some professional entertaining. I even have a striptease routine that has (via an agency) become a minor rage at some New England area Bachelor parties!

My confidence would have never come about without your network of support. Your videos are absolutely incredible! And also serve as inspiration to refine myself. It would possibly be unrealistic, but someday I dream of fine tuning my look to be of FMI and Kim Christy Productions quality. To be one of your "finds" would be the ultimate realization of my goals and fantasies. Whenever I dress I strive to be better and better and better. I hope that my drive and skills may make this fantasy someday reality.

To you and your readers I again say thanks. You and your work is without peer. To have so much support does wonders for us all as well. I take my "panties off" to you Kim, and extend my love and unending support to you and your organization. I feel I have much to repay!

All my love,  
Carole Anne

P.S.

I was fortunate enough to be photographed during and after my most recent "striptease routine"

by a very enthusiastic "fan". He graciously made me extra copies, some of which I send for your use (quite hopefully!)

It was exhilarating dancing in a hotel function room but a little scary not knowing what reactions might be at the end . . . but all worked out quite well, (this was my third professional "stripogram") and in front of dozens of men at this quite risque' (I loved it) Bachelor party. If you don't use my photos I'll understand — perhaps the quality of me and the photos must improve — but I'm eternally optimistic that someday you'll be proud to print them/or future ones I shall send. I want to meet your superior standards! I hope these are . . . well good enough. I also have written volume after volume of non-fiction accounts of some of my more risque' experiences. They are hand written and in eventual need of being typed. I may write a book . . . quite entertaining reading! I would willingly forward these manuscripts if you want.

Anyway, thanks so much again — please send me subscription info etc. — and I would like to help you maintain your quality if in any way I can be of help.

Love, C.A.

Dear Carole Anne,

*Thank you for the lovely photos and the great letter. I'm sure that many of our readers would love to hear of your experiences risque , or not. Of course being the voyeur that I am, I would like to hear the Risque ones.*

*Please write again soon and tell us more about stripping for a group of men. What do they do when they see that they have been fooled? I'll bet that more than one of them find it a pleasant surprise.*

Best,  
K.C.











# The Very Last, Ever (Well P

**R**ight off I should let you know that the title of this column *wasn't* just to catch your attention. If it does that, too, fine, but it really does mean what it says. In all likelihood this is the last time you'll find me in these pages.

As some of you have sensed (heaven knows it wasn't hard, I never have been the subtle, devious type. . .) I have been getting more and more involved in my theatre work.

About seven or eight months ago I realized I had to come to a decision about continuing with the gender changes, because *if* I continued, the parts I could play would become severely limited, but if I stopped, I would be giving up something very important to me.

One of the things that made me think about this was seeing the Berkeley Shakespeare Festival's 1985 season. In two of the shows (staged by different directors),

major male characters were going around bare-chested for large parts of the play.

"could *I* do that?" I asked myself.

"Not without causing a lot of talk." I answered myself.

When I thought about it seriously, I realized that if I were being considered for such a part, I could lose it because I couldn't appear bare-chested. And if I went much further with the changes, I would reach the point of looking "odd" as a male in all but the most concealing of clothing.

So in the end, it all boiled down to how important I feel theatre is to me. That was an easy question, once I was brought to thinking of it just that way. Theatre is the most important thing in my life. It is my great passion, and I do have a talent for it.

There is a saying, "Talent is God's gift to you. What you do with it is your gift to God." I didn't want my gift to be

anything less than the very best I could give.

So . . . about seven months ago I gave up estrogen and stopped seeing my electrologist.

Was it easy? Not at all, though I made it a bit easier on myself by not deciding to "give it up forever". I knew that kind of decision would just make things harder. So I approached it on an "I'll try this and see how it goes" basis.

And I didn't make it a "purge". Like most of us, I have been through those, but it only took a couple for me to realize there was little reason to discard or destroy clothes, books, make-up and so on when the chance was good I would go back to it, and the only result in the end would be to regret the loss of the things I had gotten rid of.

For that matter, I don't even rule out cross-dressing, if I should feel like it. I doubt this will happen frequently, if at all, because





# Probably) Linda Lee Column

the "dressing up" aspect of transgenderism has never held the fascination for me that it does for many people. I'm as happy in jeans and a sweatshirt as I am in the highest of high fashions, and a good deal more comfortable as well.

And, as many of you are aware, I have always been more exactly balanced on the line between male and female than many transgendered people.

In some ways this is a blessing, in some ways definitely not. But in this case it meant that I would not have to endure the tearing trauma many TS's go through when they cannot, for one reason or another, act on these very deep, very important feelings.

And, too, at least my decision would be my own, not merely dictated by circumstances over which I had no control.

If I *had* decided to change roles, I could probably have done it within the context of the job I

have now. Or if I wanted to change jobs as well, I have a number of skills and could probably find work as a woman in any of a number of areas. Indeed, at one time I did work part-time as a woman until the pressure from my full-time work became too heavy.

But the greater consideration was that, though I would be giving up something important to me, hopefully I would gain something even more important.

So I decided to give it a try and, so far, it has been all right. It has meant giving up some things that I enjoy. I have turned down speaking engagements since I made this decision and now I am giving up this column.

In many ways I regret it, but I don't really feel it is fair to present myself as an expert or even as a participant when I'm neither.

And even putting aside the question of whether it would be right for me to continue this col-

umn, it would be *uncomfortable* to have to pay that kind of close attention to the subject when I am trying to distance myself from it . . . a bit like trying to stay on a diet while working in a bakery.

Besides, to be honest (and one has to, at least now and then, if only to confuse people. . .) I largely have said as much about the subject as I have to say.

Oh, every now and then something will catch my attention that I've never encountered before or never thought about before, but such occurrences are, naturally, rarer and rarer the longer I write.

And those who have read this column for some time will recall that I've said in the past that when I get to the point where I have nothing to say, I'll shut up.

So what with one thing and another, I guess this article will just about do it!

I must say that my friends have, by and large, taken my deci-



# The Very Last, Ever (Well P

sion very well. What they said, basically, amounts to, "If you want to paint yourself a tasteful russet brown and say you're a leaf, that's okay. We'll still like you."

I must say this was encouraging, especially as I was thoroughly prepared to lose some friends over this decision. But people often surprise you, and a lot of the time they surprise you pleasantly.

People may surprise you, but Fate or Life or Destiny, whatever you want to call it, never does. You know that, just as surely as you embark on a course of action, Fate will slip a horseshoe into the old boxing glove; Life will load a mickey into your cup of cocoa, or Destiny will dump a load of greased marbles onto the dance floor.

For me this came in the form of an audition for a show titled THE ARTFUL LODGERS. This was an original script by Marshall Borden. It had played in Los Angeles, but this production, mounted as a benefit for the Drama Department of City College of San Francisco, was its Northern California premiere.

It was to star Lee Meriwether who (for those of you who have been doing a Rip Van Winkle impression for the last thirty years or so...) is a former Miss America, an actress, and has had parts in many movies and television shows including a co-starring role on BARNABY JONES.

I noted in passing that the audition requirements included "two female impersonators". However I checked out a script, read it, and decided that, next to the character of Reggie the Ghost (Sir Reginald Quinton Leary) which

Marshall Borden was playing, the most fun part would be Seamus Cullen, an Irish publisher aged about 60 with a sharp tongue and an unquenchable thirst for Bushmills whiskey.

Given what I'd read in the notice, I went to the audition expecting to see acres of chiffon, but oddly this wasn't the case at all.

I spent my "waiting time" before being called in reading



*"Fate will slip a horse  
shoe into the old  
boxing glove."*



another play and looking at the wonderful Diego Rivera mural that fills the lobby of the theatre at C.C.S.F. I've found that I get much less nervous if I'm not just sitting and re-reading the script I'm to audition from, and the mural is fascinating, certainly better viewing than any of the new fall TV shows...

Finally I was called. Lee Meriwether and Marshall Borden introduced themselves and Marshall asked if there was any part I wanted to try for.

"I'd accept anything." I replied.

"But is there any part you're *Particularly* interested in?"

"Well, I did like Seamus..."

"Aren't you a little *young* for Seamus?"

"I'm 42." I replied, exaggerating a little.

"You should consider that a compliment," Marshall said, "you certainly don't look it. How about

reading James. He's Irish, too."

"Certainly." I replied and went up on stage where one of the other cast members was reading in the other parts.

I read James for about thirty seconds. Marshall Borden stopped me. "That's very good," he said, "go ahead and *read* Seamus."

I read Seamus. Again Marshall stopped me. "That was a *wonderful* reading!" he said. "Now try Clive, and remember Clive is so British he makes your teeth ache."

I read Clive. At this point there was much whispering between Lee and Marshall. Finally Marshall said, "This may sound like a strange question, but have you ever played a woman's role?"

"Never on stage." I snapped back, and Lee, Marshall, and the other actor all fell about laughing.

The upshot was, as you've undoubtedly guessed (clever dickens that you are) the next day I was called and offered the part of "Roberta O'Leary".

There is a reason for having "Roberta" played by a man, but I won't go into it since it would spoil your enjoyment if you ever have a chance to see the show. And if you ever do, by all means *see* it, it's great fun!

But all the same, after all the agonizing I had done over my decision, this was clearly God's way of saying "Booga-Booga!"

Doing THE ARTFUL LODGERS was a very good experience all around. Lee Meriwether was wonderful to work with, as you might imagine of someone who was donating the show as a benefit for her alma mater (and who has donated a show in the same way for each of



# Probably) Linda Lee Column

the last three years or so. . .).

In the entire time I worked with her which amounted to something over six weeks, I never saw a trace of temperament even in situations that I thought would have had Sister Teresa in screaming fits.

Not only that, but she is a splendid comedienne and really enjoyed doing it, as she hadn't had a chance to play comedy much in her earlier work.

Marshall Borden has acted with many of the most important theatre companies in the country including the renowned Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, and it was an education in playing comedy just to watch him. And he was a very nice person, too!

The director, Stewart Bishop, flew out from Cape Cod to do the show. He is sought after to direct shows all over the country and, after working with him for only a little while, it was obvious why. A man with a sharp wit of his own, he was a master at knowing what the show needed at each moment and at finding the bits of comic business to make the whole thing come alive.

The cast of the show included some of the bay area's busier theatre people, all donating their time and services.

The three-week run was very successful, with good healthy audiences all the way through, even including the Sunday matinees which surprised me as I hadn't thought of this as a "Sunday matinee" kind of show.

Just possibly, though, the most exciting moment of the whole experience didn't come during the run at all, but after our final Sunday matinee when Lee and Mar-

shall went up to the Clift Hotel in San Francisco and were married.

The cast was invited, so I was there cheering them on which was the least I could do for the two very charming, very talented people.

I must admit this is the only wedding I've ever attended which was covered by LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS. (Marshall quipped "After all, I'm

*"Finally I was getting some real breast development."*

rich and she's famous, so it makes sense.")

In fact they were taping during our final performance, so it is just possible that I might be briefly glimpsed on coast-to-coast television one of these days.

I am grateful, though, that Robin Leach was not there as I consider him perhaps the most obnoxious television personality since Pinky Lee (who at least had no pretensions about what he did. . .)

I had lots of good comments about the show including a surprising number of people who said I fooled them, though to be honest there were usually some who told me they had "read" me, though not as many as I had expected, actually.

Oddly enough, I was faced with the "bare chest" dilemma in this show as I had to change from one gender role to the other on stage.

This was solved partly by a quirk of the costume department which happened to provide me with an outfit which really looked quite natural *without* a bra underneath it. (Darts can be handy that way. . .)

So, under my blouse I wore two tee-shirts, the outer one in the style of a team jersey with a number on the back and "Mountjoy" on the front, which is the name of a notorious prison in Ireland, and was a gag in the context of the script.

I confided this idea to Marshall, to whom I had "told all" after he had asked me to do the show. He thought it was a funny bit and suggested not telling anyone about it, but just springing it on them at dress rehearsal. I did.

As I walked out on stage for notes after the rehearsal, Stewart, the director, said "Mountjoy? Mountjoy?! Oh, well, it got a laugh so leave it in." From him that was a real compliment!

So I guess I'm over the first hurdle . . . I haven't appeared bare-chested on stage, but I've managed to sidestep the problem and get a laugh at the same time!

It's a bit ironic that this whole issue arose because *finally* I was getting some real breast development.

And the reason, or what my endocrinologist and I believe to be the reason, might surprise you. I didn't really begin to develop markedly until I *stopped* taking progesterone.

He told me that progesterone sometimes has an inhibiting effect on the action of the estrogen, but he hesitated to tamper with a regimen that had been worked out

(continued on page 42)



A New Film From Kim Christy

*It is time to come in from the cold, belly up to the bar for a martini, and have all of your previous sexual attitudes blown out the window by the wild and wanton crowd at the Poysinberry bar.*



# Orgy at the Poysinberry Bar, II



*Kim Christy once again invades this infamous hideout for sex-crazed She-Males in this new epic starring the beautiful Dana Douglas, the mercurial Summer St. Cerely, and introducing the big gal with the wondertool, Heather Holmes. For those of you who read FMI regularly, you will recognize Dan Douglas from the Kim Christy classic, She-Male Vacation, as well as her numerous appearances in the glamorous production numbers that always accompany La Rey's fabulous extravaganzas. She is a lovely person and always exudes an aura of charm and grace.*








*At left, our young love interest, David Ashfield, woos Dana. David, for all his youth, is a veteran of the business having starred in many films and videos. His costarring role in *Stiff Sentence*, as a young thug in a reform school, is well remembered.*

*At right, Dan and Summer take a break on the hectic set. All Kim Christy sets are hectic. Summer told us that working with Kim is always fun, even though the work can be grueling.*

*We know that Summer always keeps the humor of the crew in good spirits with her constant quips and professional discipline.*







*At right, the tall and short of it, diminutive Rita Ricardo and pistol packing Heather Holmes hit it off. Heather is a newcomer to the Kim Christy ensemble and she adds her own presence in the form of a patrician beauty with a tool worth patronizing.*









*The action gets fast and furious at the Poysinberry. Above: A photo composite of Summer. Below left: a drag "Don't" wanders in to steal the scene. At right: A little woman-to-She-Male cuddling leads to heavier action later.*





# S O R O R I T Y



# S W E E T H E A R T

*We hope that you like the new fiction we have picked for you. Those of you with little preppie fantasies will certainly respond. Happy reading!*

**“A**nd the winner is . . . boomed the announcer over the loudspeaker. In the swollen crowd, a cluster of sorority girls screamed, cheered and wept with joy. One of their sisters had just been crowned as the campus sweetheart. The queen jumped up to receive her just reward. She was tall, her body lithe, and perfectly tanned. Golden hair swirled, and curled thickly to her smooth shoulders. She smiled brightly, teeth even and white below her little pug nose. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks, dewing on her long, long lashes. She took the scepter in her delicate hand, the nails crimson against the gold, like sunset. She

bowed her head to receive the crown, dipped a shoulder as the M.C. draped a robe over her silky white sleeveless dress. The fabric embraced her full shapely hips as she walked down to the front of the walkway. Backlit by the powerful lights of the stage, her legs, long and shapely, moved like mist beneath the dress. She reached the edge of the platform, curtsied, her breasts pliant and tan in the deep vee of her gown. In the crowd, her sisters were hugging each other, their happiness and surprise open and genuine. One of the girls withdrew just a bit from the group, her face thoughtful, her attention distracted. “Has it only been a year?” she asked herself, biting reflectively at her full lower lip. “God,

how the time has flown by! I sometimes can’t believe what we accomplished in such a short time.” Her thoughts flew, a whirlwind, dragging her back to the fateful day one year before.

The girls in the house were restless. It was the start of a new semester and the school was brimming with new faces. The girls gathered in the house’s common area, sprawled on the couches, the scent of popcorn in the air, rock music low in the background. The sorority social season, with its dances, initiations, and all the other fine spring distractions was two weeks away. Down the street, the fraternities were at war with their pledges, the freshmen doing odd things in odd clothes at odd hours of the day or night.

“Thank God we don’t do any hazing,” one of the girls said, out of the blue.

“I wish they would get it over with so that we can get the semester going,” offered another.

“Why don’t we haze?”

“We just don’t. It’s not part of our tradition.”

“We could do a great job at hazing, that is, if we had the chance.”

“You’re right! We could do a fantastic job at it. Better than the dumb pranks those fraternities keep pulling every year. God, panty raids — only the lower forms of life would try that.” At that moment as if to punctuate what had been said, the door burst open, and a herd of boys, their faces obscured by masks and wigs or nylons came stumbling into the room. At the back of the pack, a lone figure, smaller than his accomplices stopped, indecisively.

“Panty raid!” cried one of the raiders, his voice cracking with immaturity. The horde swept up the stairs towards the bedroom. The girls, shocked, followed, suddenly angry.

“These aren’t from any of the fraternities we exchange with.”

“They’re probably lowlifes from the other side of campus. C’mon, lets



get them and kick a little respect into their pale pimply asses.”

“Yeah. Let them raid their own house.” The girls swarmed en masse up the stairs. In the rooms the air was thick with underwear, as the mob of pledges ravaged through drawers. The quiet one stood off to one side, only half-heartedly participating. The girls rumbled into the rooms

“What the hell do you worms think you’re doing?”

“Get out of here or there’ll be hell to pay.”

The men stopped, looked at each other questioningly. “I thought they were supposed to like this shit. Those bastards at the house have set us up.” The pledges broke for the windows and the fire escape doors. The women, genuinely angry, followed wailing brutally on the escaping boys, who scattered like dust.

“God, what an awful mess, those creeps, God how I’d like to get my nails into them.”

“I’d love to give them a taste of their own medicine.”

“We’d show them a thing or two about humiliation.” The girls, still scarlet with anger, began to clean up the room. The floor was covered with lingerie, and clothes on hangers from the closets.

“Those assholes can’t even do a panty raid right; look at all these dresses!”

“You’re right, those idiots should be taught a lesson.”

One of the girls gathered the strewn clothing, and went to rehang them in the closet. She opened the door, and the quiet panty raider sprang from his hiding place. One of the girls tripped him, and he sprawled on the floor. Two other girls quickly grabbed his arms, pinning them behind his back. “Get those party handcuffs, and some rope.”

The boy lay sobbing on the floor, his face ashen. “What are you going to do to me, let me go, please let me go. It was just a silly prank, and now the guys will never let me in the fraternity.” The words jumbled hysterically.

“What is your name, worm?” The boy told her, no pretense left in his crumpled form. “And your student number?”

“43544, oh please, please don’t report me to the school, it’s bad enough that the guys won’t have anything to do with me.”

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*“We’d show them a thing or two about humiliation.”*

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“What do you mean, you pathetic little slug?”

“I just transferred to this school. I don’t know anyone, anyone at all. I tried to join the frat to make friends, but they didn’t like me much. Now I’ll be blackballed, for screwing up on a simple initiation. None of the guys will even call me, let alone be my friend.”

“This sounds like a real sob story. What about your roommate, won’t he miss you?”

“I haven’t found a place to live yet. All my stuff is in storage. I just got here today, honest.”

“Check this weasel out, one of you.” One of the girls went over to the sorority computer, called and connected to the campus mainframe.

“What was the ID number again? Oh, yeah, give me a minute.” Her hands flew over the keyboard, and after a second figures danced in the green phosphor of the screen, and the printer clattered into action. “Here it is, transferred here from out of state, undeclared major, no family, he hasn’t even enrolled in any classes yet.”

The other girl nodded, a smile beginning to play on her face. “I think we are going to teach this youngster a little respect. Let the punishment fit the crime. Oh, this is ironic.” The other girls looked at

her, comprehension dawning slowly on their faces. They all broke into cunning smiles.

“What do we have to lose. No one will ever miss the little creep. God, this is great! Our own hazing!”

The boy cowered on the ground, confusion mapped on his pale face. The girls huddled whispering, and laughing frantically among themselves.

The girl’s reverie was broken by the loud pop of a champagne cork. She struggled back into the present, joined in a toast to the new queen. The girls were all excited, sharing their little secret. Sipping the drink, the girl again withdrew into thought.

The huddle broke up. A quick unanimous vote was taken. The girls were all bright, excited, their eyes alive and luminescent. “OK, let’s get this hazing on the road.” Two of the girls hauled him to his feet, pulled him down the hall to the bathroom. “What are you doing?” he managed to scream before a strong hand silenced him, its threatening power enough to keep him quiet. “You did want to join the sorority didn’t you?? Why else would you show up here? It’s time for your initiation. We can’t let just anyone in.” The girls took him into the floor’s bathroom. “Strip him naked and burn those awful clothes. Here, you take his keys, find his car and sell it. We’ll need money for the membership dues.” Another girl was dispatched to take care of his stuff in storage. She went off, came back later, reported that the account had been closed, that the clothes had been burned, and that the furniture was being unloaded into the attic room now. Another girl went off and closed his bank accounts, bringing the money back, putting it into the house safe.

“There, there, don’t you fret. We aren’t going to steal your money. We just don’t want you to be able to use it. After all you’re a debutante member of this sorority, what’s yours is ours.”

*(continued in the next issue)*



# Sally

and her friends



While I was making drinks, Priscilla was sitting on the sofa going through one of my albums of pictures and letters when she came across one letter I had written to my father when I was just a youngster. "Sally, you didn't really send this letter did you?" "Well, I was just beginning to feel the urgent need for femininity. . .

Dear Daddy:

I know you won't recognize the photos, but it's me, really! Auntie said it was time to write and show you what I look like now. I hope you like my new dress. Last night I did my nails to match the shade of lipstick I wear, and Auntie took me shopping yesterday for my very first

pair of high-heels. I'm wearing them in the pictures and they do make me look taller, don't they? The young man that fitted me said they make my legs look terrific, too. He was so nice and very handsome. But, I guess when I come home we won't be able to play ball like we used to. I mean, I can't really run very fast in high-heels, and I guess you wouldn't



want to play with me anyway with me in skirts and all.

Now, I'm glad you sent me to stay with Auntie through the summer. She is just wonderful, and so modern and liberal thinking. When I told her that I liked pretty things, you should see what she bought me. My closet is filled with dresses, skirts, sweaters, and blouses, and my dresser has panties, slips, bras, girdles, garter belts, nylons, and some things I never imagined existed. I can't wait to show them to you. Auntie says a person should be what he wants to be. I think I want to be a girl, Daddy. Would you mind? I know I've never been big and strong and the athlete you've always wanted me to be. So maybe it would be better if I were your daughter. Auntie says I'm very pretty. What do you think?

Last week the boy next door took me to the movies. Auntie said it would be alright and told me just how to act. I think I did alright except I did have a little problem with his hands. Do all boys want to feel girls' legs and titties all the time? Goodness. And when he kissed me goodnight his hands were right on my behind pressing me into him, and then I felt something hard pressing into me! That seemed to get him excited and he tried to slide my skirt up. Well, I told him that I wasn't that kind of a girl, and that seemed to settle him right down except that the next night he started right in where he left off the night before, and I didn't quite know what to do.

Oh, Daddy, I have something awful to tell you. Paul, that's the boy next door, told me that he loved me the other night when we were parked and he became real passionate, and he asked me to slip my panties down. Oh, I wanted to, and I didn't want to, and I was getting all mixed up. But, I finally got control of myself and told him that I was too young to do things like that. I thought that might cool him off, but he said lots of girls do it and

started to reach under my skirt, I guess to help me off with my panties. Heavens, how I wanted him to slip them down over my nylons, spread my legs, and stick that big thing of his into me. I guess I really am more of a girl to think like that, don't you agree? I finally caught his hand as he was pulling at the lace hem and told him I just couldn't let

*"Do all boys  
want to feel girls'  
legs and titties  
all the time?"*

him screw me. Honestly, Daddy, he was going crazy, and I felt sorry for him. Then he said, "Virgins, why do I always have to run into virgins? Baby, you have to do something for me." I said, "Anything Paul, anything but that", and before the words were even out of my mouth he had his pants open and his big cock popped right out. And no wonder I had felt it poking into me all the time, it was colossal. I put my hand around it quickly, as if it were going to pop right back in, and began stroking it. He seemed to like that and I really didn't know what else to do. But he did, and as our passions grew he gently pulled me over him and pressed my head down until it was directly over his stiff penis. I couldn't believe what happened next. I opened my mouth to say something and that mammoth thing slipped right through my lips and in the next few minutes it seem-

ed like I was actually going to have to swallow it in my sexual frenzy, and Paul was beside himself trying to screw my head off, and then it happened. He exploded, and I had to swallow hard just to keep up with it all. And then I was worried about getting pregnant with all that in my tummy. Oh, Daddy it was awful, and I was really scared, but later, Paul told me I was just a silly little goose to think like that and that I couldn't get pregnant that way. Then I was so relieved, and it hadn't been so bad after all.

I guess when you're a girl you're supposed to do things like that to boys to keep them happy and normal. At least that's what Paul says, and now I guess we're engaged or something because I've been keeping him normal for several nights now.

I haven't told Auntie about Paul yet, and I just had to tell someone. I hope you don't think I've been a bad girl, Daddy. Paul says making love is the most natural thing in the world, and we shouldn't be ashamed of it. He is so smart and worldly. I just love him and I can't wait until I get older so that maybe someday we can be married.

And that brings me to my question. Auntie says that I should be taking female hormones now to develop my figure and femininity, and that later on I could have an operation that would change me into a real girl. Imagine! But she says I need your permission for all that. Would you give permission, Daddy? Auntie will be calling you to get your feeling about it. So please, please say yes, and I'll be the best daughter a father ever had.

Well, time for bed now. I'm in my baby dolls with my hair up. As you can see in my pictures it's real long now and I have to curl it every night. It's so much fun being a girl. Please write me soon and let me know what you think of me.

Love and kisses,  
Sally



# F.M.I.

## *Female Mimics International*

# Personal ADS

ORIENTAL TV, wish to meet beautiful ladies and/or real TV/TSs for first experience in French and Greek. I'm into foot-worship, lingerie and photography. Others cultures will be considered. No men. Photo/phone and explicit letter please. **F-352**

SEXY, glamorous She-Male super feminine pretty TV living in So. Calif. wants to meet tall masculine men for fun, dating and romantic evenings. I'm sweet, sincere and have a good personality. Am BI and also like sexy females and TV's. Can travel L.A., Orange County and San Diego. Love Marilyn. **F-353**

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS, I'm a white 34 year old BI-MALE very discreet, 5'2½", 130 lbs with brown hair and brown eyes, good looking and well endowed, looking for a "special-gal," or couple, good looking 24 years and up to 55 who likes to be treated as such. Loves to give and receive oral satisfaction. Likes to see sexy clothing and nude, and aggressive TS's and

TV's. Will answer all including travelers, mostly Western Mass., and Connecticut. Photo welcome. Will answer all. No phonies please. This my first time. John. **F-354**

CENTRAL TEXAS TV, 35, 5'10", 150 lbs. and 8". Love all things female, sensuous & erotic—especially lots of Sensuous French and Slippery Greek. Love to entertain out of town guest and also love all night motel TV parties. Love to correspond and exchange photos. Have large wardrobe and been dressing over 20 years. Let's play naughty little girls together. **F-357**

FEMALE TV QUEEN, small white totally shaved submissive. Seeks her lifemate tall dominant hairy kinky hung galore king sized stud. Love Greek, French, spankings and dildos. Also seek nude porno modeling sessions for generous photo, phone, S.S.A.E/token please. See Photo. **F-358**



**F-370**



**F-361**

TRANSSEXUAL, 23, 5"-10" wants to meet other TS, TV, M and F for fun and friendship. Greensboro, N.C. area preferred. Please include photo and phone if possible. Discretion wanted and assured. Karen. **F-369**

ATTRACTIVE TV living in the PA.-DE. area would like to hear from all the pretty "girls"



**F-364**



**F-365**



**F-366**



**F-369**



**F-371**



**F-373**



**F-383**



**F-382**

HI. I'M LAURA, and I'd love to hear from TVs and TSs who—like me—are shy and sensitive. We have our fantasies—let's share them! Mine is to meet a sister who can help me experience what it's really like to be a woman! All letters answered—those with photos first. Love, Laura. **F-361**

I AM A WARM, friendly, and outgoing person living in the southeast Michigan area. My passions are nice clothes, letter and photo exchange, and making new friends. S.A.S.E. please. Love and best, Michele. **F-366**

WISC-S/W/M 39, looking for that special TV-TS who wants to be treated and loved as the woman you are. Sincere, open, honest, permanent relationship possible. Must pass: phone, picture please. Bob. **F-367**

I've seen in the personal ads. Also I've been trying hard to be female, but it's difficult to do alone. So if anyone can help, or would just like to meet for fun, write. P.S. I can travel. Luv ya, Paula. **F-370**

S.F. AREA WHITE T.V., seeks new friends into serious fun times. I am into corsets, garter belts, heels and love to have private encounters to show them off. I love all sex but no B&D. I am clean, discreet, and ready to meet. Send S.A.S.E. & photo, will answer all. **F-371**

S.F. BAY AREA PRE-OP TS seeks friends & penpals, I am 5'11", age 34. I enjoy helping novices, photo sessions, shopping, nights out. All replies answered. Lets get in contact and exchange photos, gossip, mutual aid, fashion ideas, thoughts & stories. Sharon. **F-417**





F-384



F-392



F-393



F-394



F-396



F-387



BI-BLACK MALE 9" seeks very attractive fair skin TV's any nationality. Long hair, female breasts, slender figure, smooth hairless face, body required. Love mutual French, Greek. Can host stopovers, night, weekends. Send full photos, phone to: P.O. Box 21914, Greensboro, N.C. 27405. Also seek slender white female who loves giving golden showers. **F-380**

FOXY—125 LBS. TRANSSEXUAL—Pre-op—seeks dates, dinner, movies, dancing, etc. Prefer intell., financially secure, tall men. I'm 5 ft. 7—blue-green eyes—So. Belle! Sensuous, ex-nurse, want surgery & marriage! Into masseuse, dogs, cooking, dancing, skating, outdoors, etc! Love blond hair men (age 21 to 50!). **F-382**

OKLAHOMA CITY BI-MALE TV ENTERTAINER is looking for TV's, TS's and understanding women to join me in an all TV string band and for sex. Your color, age and looks are unimportant, but you MUST have good personality. Contact Cynthia. **F-383**

ATTRACTIVE TV, hetero. Enjoy being a female and love to dress mod and be photographed. Desire to correspond and exchange photos with other attractive passable TV/TS. Will also correspond with females. No men please. **F-384**

**F-384**



F-397



F-400

ATTENTION PRE-OPS: This attractive 25-year-old white male would like to meet and/or correspond with you. I want to give you pleasure as well as friendship. Am interested in writing, dating or just fun times with you. The choice is yours. Please include photo. **F-372**

HEAVY BUT ATTRACTIVE TV would like to meet nice intelligent black men (preferred), some smoke and some drink ok, but not heavy stuff, only the serious from Oklahoma, Kansas, Arkansas Missouri, Texas need apply. Photo please. (SEE PHOTO) **F-387**

JANELL. Twenty-one-year-old college student considering sex change. Just started hormones. Would like to correspond with other TSs, TVs or women about clothes, makeup and hormones. Also interested in finding a doctor or clinic that deals with this. **F-389**

TEXAS TV travels the country, loves lingerie, heels. 5'10", 165 lbs., hot blooded. Loves to meet other TVs, couples, or women for intimate, exciting, and erotic experiences. Can be dominate, submissive, exotic and kinky. Send photo please so we might cum together. (SEE PHOTO) **F-392**

CHICAGO, N & N.W. SUBURBS, tall, masked BI-TV wants to meet men for oral and anal sex. Fuck my hot mouth and tight ass. Discretion assured and expected. Quick, weeknight sessions desired. Be bold, be free, let's fuck! **F-393**

TV-TS mate wanted, young government worker in So. Calif., 32, 6'2", 240 lbs., boyish looks, seeks attractive TV-TS for legitimate dates, possibly leading to a lasting relationship. If your dream is to live as a woman my dream is to help you. Your photo and phone will get you same. Answer serious replies from anywhere, willing to help if I can. Please be sincere. I am, your friend, Gary (SEE PHOTO) **F-394**

ATLANTA GA TV EARLY 30's. Interested in meeting simpatico people. Novice, taking one step at a time. Open minded but not interested in any negative self-image games. Love, Kathy. **F-396**

SOPHISTICATED, SENSUAL, PRE-OP T/S wishes to become a live-in mistress/private secretary to generous executive in Calif., Florida or NYC. Sensual, refined, totally feminine and educated. Let me bring glamour and pleasure to your life. Brandy. **F-397**

NEW TO TV SCENE — 29 y/o, W/M, divorced, wishes to meet & correspond with other TVs, TS, BI-Guys, and understanding "real" girls for companionship, friendship & training. Prefer Baton Rouge - New Orleans LA, area, Houston also, but can travel on weekends. Cleanliness

is a must — no violence. Wish to be with sincere & beautiful people. No blacks, social diseases, or heavy drug users. Wish to make contact with a group of TVs also. I do smoke cigarettes. Am quite anxious to the point of being desperate. Please write! Will answer all. Love, Vanessa. **F-400**

ST. LOUIS — Clean, educated, non-smoking TV with great legs wants discreet meetings with attractive TV's and girls. No gay males or blacks. Travel some. Enjoy dressing as a Junior Miss Cheerleader and teenager. Am BI with TVs. No pain. Take hormones. Send letter with photo. Love, Patti. **F-401**

PRE-OP TRANSSEXUAL seeks meetings with interesting people. I'm fem and enjoy meeting people. Will do almost anything to please. **F-402**

CHICAGO AREA WHITE MALE, BI, 6'0", 170 lbs, 40's, enjoys phone sex masturbation with



F-401



F-402



F-405





## FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL



F-407



F-411



F-413



F-415



F-416

horny TVs leading to meetings at my place. Can also dress if you wish. Into all cultures and will try anything to please. Travel some. Visitors welcome. SASE and photo if possible.

F-405

HOT! Loving TV wants to meet for love and photos, love silk, satin and black nylons. Photo wanted and answer soon!

F-407



TALL TV, 29, would love to meet other TVs and she-males to dress with and enjoy other pleasures. Also men who like TVs welcome to write. I love to give head to completion. Would like to be video taped giving head to you. All with phone and explicit photo answered promptly.

F-411

GLENS FALLS, N.Y. COUPLE. Middle aged, attractive, well-built couple. Wish to entertain Bi TV, TS our home anytime anyhow,

overnight. Also seek a live-in maid, housekeeper and cook and lover. Must be expert at giving prolonged and repeated oral sex to husband. This can be a permanent full-time position or a part-time position. Photo and phone if possible. Will answer all.

F-412

I AM BLACK TS— fair-skinned — very heavy into being a female. I would love to correspond and meet with others who enjoy this deep feminine glow as I do. I don't shock easily and I have a very active imagination. My hobbies are poetry, music, chess and cooking just to name a few. I am an easy going and submissive lady with the right person and would do most anything to be treated like a lady, loved like a woman. I need the right person to make a real woman out of me and take away the loneliness that I feel when I long to be with someone. I need to share some hours with someone when I become so "Regina," that I become hysterically feminine and have to go into sweet anal masturbation, in front of a large mirror. Pure bliss. I need to share those moments with someone and I am looking forward to answering all who write. Photo not a must but it would be appreciated. Please send SASE. Hurry, Regina awaits you, no matter what race, creed or color.

F-413

BLK MALE. I've never experienced a relationship with a TV. I deeply desire correspondence and meeting with a TV in N.C. & S.C. areas with a nice plump ass and tits. Age ? to 40. I am looking for erotic fulfillment. Please send photo with S.A.S.E. If possible. Will answer all letters. Show me what it feels like to be with a TV alone in bed.

F-414

SENSUAL BI/BLACK/TV, 30's, loves heels, corsets, dildos, erotic attire and parties. Seeks big throbbing cum-filled cocks for my tight cum-draining asshole. Send SASE, photo. Explicit letter for response.

F-415

NEW YORK-BASED EXECUTIVE and former Mama's boy was raised to be a big sissy. Now I dress up as a lady whenever possible. Love to correspond and meet with other TV ladies and their wives or girlfriends for dressing up occasions and going out. Like trading clothes for an evening with a girl my size (16). Enjoy being "bossed" by aggressive liberated women who want to keep a man in skirts and high heels. Will play secretary to executive female or nurse to woman doctor. Also enjoy being the lady's maid. Not gay. Hetero TVs and female only. Travel possible. Send photo. See photo.

F-416

TV LIVING IN HAWAII needs TV, TS friends. Would like to correspond with crossdressers who enjoy sexy lingerie and beautiful makeup. Will trade photos and stories. Let's share our feminine secrets. Love, Jamie.

F-419

YOUNG WHITE TV likes to meet young white girls or young couples to teach me to be one of the girls. Cute, nice legs, 5'5" tall and 125 lbs. Like to model, do escorts & bachelor parties. Photo please. 23 years old. Will meet and correspond with other TV's.

F-421

MARRIED TS. Wife fully supportive. I'm educated and love going out, passing, dancing & dining, etc. I have VCR equipment for making videos. I'm into French, B/D, & light S/M in the passive role. I have a huge wardrobe and would love to share. Interested in hearing from TV's, TS's, and men interested in meeting (S.F. Bay area-San Jose) or just writing. Luv 'n stuff.

F-422

ATTRACTIVE 35-year-old TV seeks creative correspondence with TV's, TS's.

F-424

TV/TS, 38, seeks attractive passable TV/TS pre or post op, females, for lesbian relationship, enjoy lingerie, garters, nylons, and hot horny



sex. Am super clean and disease free — also absolutely discreet, expect same. All who send photo answered ASAP. Sincerely, Jaimie  
F-425

OHIO—41 year old TV, 6' tall. I have been told I have great legs and am cute. Like to meet girls and guys for fun, sex, friendship. I have many fantasies, such as S&M and B&D. I think I am BI-gay. I am single, clean, quiet, submissive, non-smoker. You must send photo-phone gets quicker reply. Love, Lorna  
F-426

MALE, 26, Transvestite needs help in cross-dressing and make-up. Want to meet/write other TV's and females in the St. Louis area or surrounding states. Discretion is absolute. Send SASE and photo. All letters answered. Sincere replies only. Love, Paula  
F-428

ATTRACTIVE TV, love to wear ultra-high heels, stockings, tight corset, long gloves, blonde wig, pretty make-up, and show off for pretty TV/TS, female, or couple. Will be submissive for right party, but no pain. Can travel, let's meet (or correspond) for fun and games. Please, TV only if you are a male, and a photo is a must.  
F-429

VERY SUBMISSIVE, white male, single, 43, looking to serve TV dominant. I love being Barbara. Put me into total bondage and I submit to your will. Am free to travel. Use me as you wish. I perform as a loving woman giving her all. Send photo if possible.  
F-432

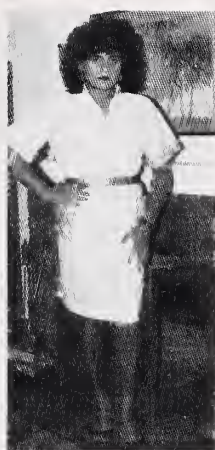
FROM the East Coast, a stunning, seductive Indian-Puerto Rican TV. Loves music, lipsync part-time as self employed female mimic. 36 years old, settled, seeking a compatible mate who would treat her like a lady. A gentleman. Am 5'6", 145 lbs, love negro Latin or Negro American guys who would appreciate something that is silky and ravishing. Thank you.  
F-433

EXTRAORDINARILY beautiful, petite 28 year old TV, 5'5", 130 lbs, desires to make quality erotic video with couple, married man or other attractive TV. Even in my skimpiest, frilly, lingerie I am deliciously passible and desire to share my "film fantasy." Discretion and cleanliness absolute. Serious inquiries only. Photo a must. Will cost share. New England area or Eastern Canada. Love, Carole.  
F-434

So. CA male TV 32 wishes to become a complete woman. Seeking a man to help with change—clothes, hormones, surgery. I'm affectionate, loyal, sensuous, will take care of you, be your housewife. Willing to relocate. Sincere? Please writel Love, Melinda.  
F-437

FEMININE TV wishes to meet other beautiful TVs, TSS, and females for sensuous fun. Prefer to meet in MO, but can travel. Sincere and discreet. Photo will get prompt reply. Love leather skirts, heels, panties, girdles, garter belts, hose, etc. See photo. Gayle.  
F-438

24 YRS. MALE, white TV seeking attractive female or TS who is willing to accept and understand my desired lifestyle. Have money to change and relocate. Just need someone to give me a chance to express my true self. Sincere responses only. Pittsburgh, PA, Michelle.  
F-440



F-419



F-421



F-422



F-424



F-426



F-428



F-429



F-430



F-432



F-433



F-434



F-438



F-439



F-442



F-443



**YOUNG (18) male cross-dresser** wishes to correspond with others about cross-dressing and feminine action. Inexperienced, love fem. undies. Discretion please. **F-441**

**EXOTIC young 24 hr. TS**, not just another pretty face. Lt. br. hair/almond shaped deep green eyes. 5'10", 130 lbs. Very attractive, passive, sexy and active. I'm loving, sincere, understanding with a good sense of humor and great personality. Great listener and talker. Looking for a masculine cute man to help me with my hormones. Will relocate for Mr. Right.



**F-458**



**F-460**

Will answer all letters. Include photo please. I'm a gentle bunny & a wild tigress. See my photo. Love, XXX. Christie. **F-442**

**YOUNG, slender, passable, TV** seeks to meet other TVs, couples and females. Also want correspondence and photo exchange. Please enclose photo. Very discreet. **F-443**

**BEAUTIFUL TV, 38-26-38, 9"**, needs help to pay for sex change. **F-444**



**WILD TV, 21, 5'10"**, 135 lbs. Desperately seeking other TV, TS for fun or just letters. Must pass easily and can relate to the lonely and crazy complications of a TV-TS life. I need close friends. Photo a must, Phoenix area. Love, Christy. **F-450**

## FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL

**ATTRACTIVE TV, 32, S/W/M**, tall, slim, auburn hair, hazel eyes. I'm sensitive, caring, on hormones. I know I can pass easily with a little help. Seek female companionship for dates, shopping, relationships, fun. Desire to be live-



**F-444**



**F-450**



**NO. CALIF. AREA BI TV** would like to meet very passable TV for candlelight dinners and 69 sex. I have a large wardrobe of Designer clothes, silk dresses, blouses, skirts and many pairs of sexy high heel shoes. I have a video camera and can film get together. Photo a must. **F-455**

**CLOSET TV SEEKS CORRESPONDENCE** with other TV's/TS's. Interests include cooking, photography, movies, fashion and conversing with other pretty girls. Send SASE. Photo or phone gets quick response. Cheryl. **F-456**

**COUPLE METRO DETROIT AREA. Female 22, Bi TV 29.** Just starting hormones. Does the thought of having two girls excite you? Would you like to go out with two girls dressed in



**F-457**



be a TV like me though. I'm clean, discreet and a non-smoker. No pain either. Please include photo. Discretion assured and required. **F-466**



**F-459**



**F-461**



**F-463**



**F-464**

in maid. Also, other TV's, TS's for correspondence. Live in San Francisco, can relocate. **F-452**

**28-YEAR-OLD TV, 5'7½"**, 155 lbs., in Houston, TX. I've been a TV since age 13 and am looking for correspondence with other TV's age 18 to 28 who are into bras, bikini panties, garter belts, make-up and denim skirts. If you like new-wave music, Madonna (and long to look like her!), enjoy TV stories, and have been a TV since your teens, please write with photo and phone. If you are a female who can love a TV, and gets off on dressing as a guy down to underwear, write also with photo and phone. **NO DRUGS, S&M, OR PHONIES.** Discretion assured and requested in return. Will answer all. Love, Amy Lynn. **F-453**



**F-468**



sexy outfits? Would you like to come over and wear our pretty panties? Would you like to kiss our feet when we are dressed in heels and stockings and beg us to spread our legs? Would you like two girls to French you to completion? Would you like to find out what happens next? If you are a white, single bi-male please write us a sexy letter and tell us what you would like to do with us. Send a photo and SASE for reply. Passable TV's and TS's welcome. Too far to visit? Drop us a line.

**F-457**

NEW HAMPSHIRE 28-YEAR-OLD SUB TV would like to meet extremely dominant TV's and dominant woman to enjoy the pleasures of bondage with. Enjoy having all body movements and functions contacted by you. The heavier the trip the better. Looking to meet that special mistress to properly train me and help me come out and live my fantasy on a regular basis. Would submit to forced bi activity while kept in tight corsets and extremely high heels. Would love to serve as a French maid whore. Am ready to come out and promise to answer all letters with photo and phone. Can travel and possibly relocate for that special mistress. Send photo if possible. Slave Ricky.

**F-458**

NOVICE, W/MALE, SINGLE, 27, 5'11", 145 lbs., 35-32-36, 6", blue eyes, sandy brown hair and bi-sexual. Would like to negotiate with friendly, wealthy, age 20's to 40's, w/individual or persons, for transformation into 100% she-male and feminine bodybuilder. Need training and help for the new me. Send letter and SASE with picture describing yourself and your tastes. Only sincere and discreet need reply.

**F-459**

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, BI TV, 40. I would like to meet other TV's and men who like TV's. I love oral sex. Also like to meet woman to help me with my femininity. No pain or drugs. Will answer all. Discretion assured. Send photo and phone if possible. Love, Barb.

**F-460**

WNY AREA/W/M HETERO-TV. Married. Seeks correspondence and photo exchange. In the closet but wanting to step out. Looking to meet other TVs who wish to do the same. Would like to form club in Western New York area for meetings, lingerie parties, socials and other TV activities. let's hear from you if interested!

**F-461**

SPECIAL SINCERE AND HONEST, tall handsome masculine male seeks TV, TS or feminine x-dresser for intimate and erotic interlude as friend and lover. Am a romantic and very affectionate. If possible send SASE, guarantees immediate reply and same.

**F-462**

CHICAGO AREA, PROFESSIONAL BI-MALE, 35, seeks feminine TVs for dates and motel parties. Clean, handsome and athletic. Be all the woman you can be. Photo and SASE for reply.

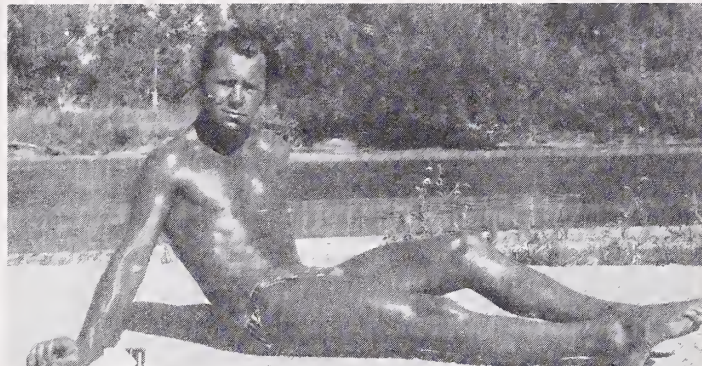
**F-463**

ALASKA BI-MALE TV needs help in dressing and make-up. Still very much in the closet but I just love bras, panties, garter belts, stockings, and high heels. Want to correspond and meet with TV/TS, females and select males. Discretion is absolute. Send SASE and photo, all letters answered. Love, Mary.

**F-464**

TV-SWM, 27, KS, 5'11½", 145 lbs., 6", slim, 36-30-36, long legs. Wants to locate wealthy individual or persons willing to transform me into feminine she-male. Wants to be female but keep 6". Willing to be as large chested as you like. May become TS later on. Into the sexual, erotic and sensual side of femininity. Would do just about anything to reach my goal. Please write. Send SASE with photo. Love, D.D.

**F-465**



**F-471**



**F-472**

**F-174**



**F-477**

## FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL

ATTRACTIVE TV, interested in meetings. Southeast. Can pass on street in clubs and for dinner meetings. Also enjoy leather, boots, bondage, high heels, corsets. All answered with photo.

**F-468**



**F-474**

NEW ENG. AREA Goodlooking, married, white, masculine guy would like to meet passable TVs and TSs for friendship and dates. I'm 30, have dark curly hair & beard and looking for fun times. I'm very clean, discreet, and sincere and expect same. Into ladies who know they look great and dress to prove it. I travel extensively and will correspond in hopes of future meeting. Please write, include photo & I will answer same day. Thanx. Michael.

**F-470**

FIRST AD: Divorced mature dominant male, lonely. 5'8", 140 lbs. healthy American Indian-Danish mixture. Closet TV, Bi-nudist, seeking passable or still in closet TV, TS, female, 18-35 attractive, sexy, slender shapely legs, any race. Companionship, meeting others. Bring the lady & whore out of you, being my girl-mistress-wife. Show off shopping in mini-skirts, heels, exotic fun games, modeling, erotic B/D slave role playing. OK if you have a long cock just between you and me. Exchange photos, correspondence, answer all, Love, Bob.

**F-471**

ATTENTION! European mistress well versed in the art of TVism will conduct trips into your fantasy world! Specialist in makeup and discipline training for "Bad Girls" who need a strict teacher! Write now you naughty girls!

**F-174**

SAN DIEGO—A beautiful Tahitian sex-change whose interest is to meet a very special person with a verbal communication and a high-spirit understanding. Hey! It's summer, I'm for one who enjoys all outdoor sports and activities. For the evening high-lights, moonlighting by the "ocean" all cuddled up with a mysterious but well mannered hunk of man. Please send photo's & telephone.

**F-472**

BI, White, affluent, exec, 33, 6'0", 175 lbs., ultra-clean, safe and hung seeks passable, trim, very feminine TV or pre-op TS who has polished touch in luscious make-up, flair for erotic attire and sensual imagination. Have dressed myself but prefer to treat you as a sultry, desirable woman. Discretion assured. Travel nationally.

**F-474**





F-482



F-483



F-484



F-489



F-487



F-486



F-491



WHITE MALE, 28, 6'5", 235 lbs., athletic build, blonde hair, blue eyes, want to correspond and meet with passable, fun-loving TSs and TVs. Mutual French and Greek. Show me the surprise under your skirt and you won't be disappointed. Photo and SASE for same day reply. **F-476**

L.I. N.Y. HETERO TV would like to hear from Ladies and well groomed TV's. Enjoy total Woman look, writing, photos and sexy stories. I am clean and discreet. Will accept those wishing to be Maids or Submissive Females. I will answer all. (SEE PHOTO) **F-482**

BONJOUR MON AMI! My name is Michel. I love to dress as sexy as possible and enjoy wearing high heels, but I am new to Ame'rique. Why don't you write to me? I will answer all. Photograph is appreciated but not necessary. Au revoir pour le moment. (SEE PHOTO). **F-487**

ATTRACTIVE TV, 25, SW CT area seeks attractive, caring females, TVs, TSs, sub. men for friendship. Have many fantasies but sex is not a priority. Can you love me like I want to be loved? Honest, sincere only. Photo a must. **F-477**

THIS AD IS FOR REAL: I am an attractive but lonely professional, bright, Black TV living in the South Bay area. Can pass in public. 5'7, 145 lbs. 38 years old, educated. Love art, traveling, music, movies, cooking, and home life. (SEE PHOTO). **F-483**

OHIO/PA 25 yr. Bi-male/White 6' 180 lbs. trim - very athletic - would like to meet passable slim TV/TS for friendship, dates - short/long term - marriage. Have leg/ass fetish - write to Bill. Will answer all SASE - photo/ phone if possible. **F-488**

MARRIAGE Pre/post Op, good looking millionaire, nice guy, easy to be with, not dull, looking for special lady, very attractive, pass easy, honest and ready to live in the straight world. I live on the water in Newport. Would love to hear from you. Photo and phone, please. **F-478**

SUBMISSIVE BI MALE seeking someone to teach me about crossdressing. Also want to learn to suck cock and have virgin ass for greek. Love masturbation, sexy lingerie, panties, etc. Send photo & SASE. (SEE PHOTO). **F-484**

PITTSBURGH AREA MALE who is sensitive, sincere, and very masculine desires to meet TV, TS or feminine crossdresser for romantic and erotic times. I enjoy making you feel as a lady. Discretion assured and expected. Photo and SASE please.(SEE PHOTO). **F-489**

NEW STUDENT of TV. Wish to meet masculine, well built, honest, supportive man of any race; also other TV & TS's. I'm Black, 32, 5'5", 120 lbs. I'm loving, supportive, cute, and my number 1 (one) interest is the taking good care of my man. I have so much love and understanding to give; Therefore be good to yourself and write me. Also need help in getting hormones. In love and light, PAULA. **F-480**

EXOTIC MALE DANCER seeks pretty TV's, TS's, and She-males. If you have not met a sexy and handsome man, this is your chance. I am a role player into every desired scene. Can be a sexy TV if you want. Enjoy exhib., erotic clothing, black stockings, even WAY-OUTS. A clear PHOTO guarantess response. SASE please. **F-485**

HOUSTON, TEXAS: Blond, blue eyed TV wishes to meet and entertain very attractive, passable, loving, sincere TV/TS for possible long term relationship. Photo a must. Phone No. if you can. Love. **F-490**

TV - great body - Dominant with men other TVs - Submissive with women - Southern California. Tall - 6' in heels. Some travel to major US cities - 40's - SASE - bright - likes to soul search. **F-481**

HI! I'M SINDI (34) from PA and would like to hear from other TV and also TS. I am 5'9" w/o heels, have long brown hair, brown eyes, and super legs! I've been cross-dressing as long as I can remember and love every minute of it! Semi-closet due to family - discretion expected and assured. Desparately in need of "female friends" to write to as most people don't understand me. Please send photo and SASE. All replies will be answered! (SEE PHOTO). **F-486**

WM TV - 33. N.Y. area. Moving to Central California mid Jan. Would like to hear from groups, individuals in that area, also anyone interested in good correspondence. Marie. (SEE PHOTO) **F-491**





F-492



F-493



F-494



F-495



F-496



F-500



F-501

VERY ATTRACTIVE, dominant, novice, Black crossdresser, 28, 5'9, with soft, smooth body, desires to exchange photos and meet submissive, feminine, bubble-butt TV's in the St. Louis area and elsewhere. Love mutual French and rimming shaved bottoms. Am Greek active. Also, enjoy erotic phone conversations. Enjoy photo sessions with TV's while wearing makeup, wigs, and sexy lingerie. Not into hairy queens. Must send photo. Am lonely and sincere. (SEE PHOTO) **F-492**

one or two days a month. Discretion a must. Eager to please. Will answer same day. Central Fla. area. **F-497**

CHICAGO AREA - T.V. Bi looking for TV's for lesbian relationship, shopping, chatting, or any other fantasy. Any race or age welcome. Send photo & phone for fast reply. My panties are waiting. Love, Pam. **F-498**

WYOMING - Panty loving TV, single, partial to heels, hose and lingerie, loves to look and feel feminine, wants to correspond, exchange photos and/or meet Tommie. (SEE PHOTO) **F-493**

YOUNG "WOMAN" seeking all TV, TS, & females for good friendship & good sex. Write with photo & phone. Will travel. I'm for real & taking hormones. Love, Nancy. Wish to be trained by real girls also. (SEE PHOTO) **F-494**

WHITE MALE 28, interested in correspondence and sincere friendship with TS pre-ops or boy-girls that can pass in public as female. Please no drugs, blacks, prostitutes, or money hustlers. Pref. correspondence and photo exchange from San Diego area but will write all who answer. **F-499**

WANTED - equally caring, sensually beautiful man, T.V., and or production company, to cooperatively film and photograph scenes of mutual and superior erotic splendor. Sincere honest replies inclusive of your photo, script and expectations. Expect elegance of setting, professional atmosphere, absolute cleanliness. Love, Carole-Anne. (SEE PHOTO) **F-495**

SYRACUSAN Bi pantiphile seeks amazonian TV with merciless member and mean thighs that can squeeze from me mumbles of submission. Let's visit the Underskirt World of Jacqueline Cousteau together. Clean as a Girl Scout. Expect same, and photo. No pros or 'wife-doesn't-knows'. Your closet or mine? (discretion is sine qua non.) (SEE PHOTO) **F-500**

MICHIGAN - HI! I'm Angie, I'd love to meet other passable TV's, TS's, FI's, for sensual love making. I am Bi - very clean. Expect same, discreet. Bi Females, who would like me to wear their sexy lingerie. I love to please, and am very passionate. I am single, safe, sincere, romantic, love music, dining and dancing. Want relationship. Photo, phone, gets immed. reply. (SEE PHOTO) **F-496**

I am a warm, friendly, and sincere person living in the Southeast Michigan area. I am just in the first steps towards changing my life. New friends and correspondence have a way of smoothing out the bumps along the way. S.A.S.E. and photo please. Love, Michele. (SEE PHOTO) **F-501**

W/BI MALE, attractive, 45, 6'2", 200 lbs., needs dominant female or TV to feminize me into a proper girl. Train me as your personal slave

T.V. loves to have sister T.V.'s get into her panties. Loves to give and take French and Greek. Kathy. **F-502**

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*Thanks,  
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I hereby certify that I am over eighteen  
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1. Write your letter and enclose it in an  
UNSEALED envelope. If you write more than one  
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Each of these envelopes should have your  
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you wish to have your letter(s) forwarded by  
airmail, be sure to use an airmail stamp (or  
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right-hand corner of the envelope. We will then  
properly address your envelope and mail it for  
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**PHOTO RELEASE**

I, the undersigned, hereby represent that I am over eighteen (18) years of age and that the photo  
enclosed is an actual photo of myself. I hereby give **FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL** magazine my  
consent to publish my photo and advertisement in **FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL** magazine.

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# T.V. CONFESSIONS

## T H E F I N A L C H A P T E R

Chris turned off the headlights, and turned on the inside dashboard light. He pulled up the sleeve of the fur coat and the angora cardigan to expose his wristwatch.

There was still a few minutes. He took a cigarette from the glove compartment and lit up. He inhaled deeply and then had a sudden chill. The car was quickly cooling off inside without the motor running. He snuggled deep into the fur coat.

"The rotten bastard." He puffed heavily. What was it Richard had said about him on their last meeting? Oh yes, that was it...

"He peddles that trash to anybody, even little kids. But you got to give him some credit. He's rich. He doesn't have to worry about his old age."

"I don't think we will either, Regina. We've been doing real good lately."

"Yeah, we can't complain. Do you realize we've been averaging one a week?"

"I haven't been keeping score — only a bank account."

"You should have plenty to buy your goodies with, Chris. Buy anything new lately?"

"A blue satin cocktail dress. You've just got to come over and see it."

"And try it on."

A light laugh. "And try it on. I certainly tried on enough of your things when I was living at your place." Chris leaned over and kissed his friend full on the lips, and their lips opened to permit their tongues to smash and thrash over each other.

"I love you, Chris."

"I know you do."

"I've got to go away for awhile on a job. But I'll be back in time. I'll want to see you then."

"I'll be waiting. And I'll have something special for you."

"You're all the something special I'll ever need, Chris, you know that."

"But it will be something you can keep with you all the time, when I'm not around."

"A fool and his money."

"Something like that."

"How about a little affair tonight before I go off into the world out there?"

"When did you ever have to ask?"

"That's what I like about you . . . right to the point."

"I don't know any other way."

"I'll get us a couple of nighties." Richard got up and went into the bedroom which so long ago had become more than familiar. He could even see with his minds eyes every step Richard was making in that room . . . right where he would go for the nighties and slippers and negligees. He knew Richard would hold each of them up in front of himself in front of the mirror as he selected which one he wanted for that night's encounter. Then he would return.

He handed the pink set to Chris. "Because you like pink so much."

"Oh, that's beautiful. I haven't seen that one before."

"You haven't been here for a long time. Here's the fur slippers to go with it."

Chris took the slippers and put them on the floor near the base of the couch, then stood up and started to undress. Richard did the same, and they admired each other on their breasts, which with all the training brassieres they had used became measurable.

"Yours are bigger than mine."

"They're going to get bigger be-

cause I'm going to have inserts put there."

"That's not a bad idea. Maybe I'll do the same. We'll talk about it when I get back."

"We could go together."

"I wouldn't have it any other way." Richard grinned. "What are friends for?"

"To have tits put in together." Chris laughed and Richard joined in quickly. Then they were on the wide couch, lying side by side, snuggled closely in each other's arms. Their night of lovemaking had started as Richard reached to the crotch of Chris' nightie and he grabbed the hardening cock into his hand through the material and started jerking Chris off.

Chris, not to be left out, and as their lips and tongues met, let his hand reach the front of *Regina's* nightie and took the prick into *her* hand. They were once more two lesbians melting into the erotic sensuality they felt.

Chris pushed up the sleeve of the fur coat and the angora and looked at the watch. It was time.

"Solly will be coming out that door of the diner in one minute. That just gives me time." He reached for his gun case, opened it and took out the pistol.

He got out of the car and put the pistol into the coat pocket, and the high boots moved through the deepening snow. The heavily falling flakes felt good on his face. He loved the feeling of snow.

The end of the alley was one step away when Richard fired the automatic weapon, then was gone. Chris had seen who it was in that split second before he was on the ground dying, the snow falling on his dead face softly like small bits of the angora fur he had always loved.



# The Very Last, Ever (Well P



with a previous doctor. I, of course, was delighted because not only was I making better progress than ever before, but I no longer had to go through two or three queasy days each month after taking my monthly break, for these were directly the result of re-starting the progesterone.

So . . . by the time I stopped I had just about made it up to a nice pleasant A-cup. Definitely it was progress and I enjoyed the feeling.

Oddly, my breasts seemed to keep growing for some time after I stopped taking any estrogen and I've only recently noticed that they might be growing

smaller, but I can't yet really tell. At any rate now we'll just see how they do. (I feel a little weird talking about my breasts as though they were a couple of houseplants or something. . .)

The question is, of course, what now? Well, I'm not going to overlook any option. I'm about to leave on my first real vacation in over two years, not going far, just to Southern California to see my family and old friends. I let a few people know I was coming down and had dinner invitations from two of my former high-school teachers . . . who said you can't go home again? . . .

When I return I will immediate-

ly have auditions for AMADEUS, to be directed by one of the cast members from ARTFUL LODGERS.

Then in the Spring, I have been called back to audition for THE LION IN WINTER.

I just finished a terrific Shakespeare workshop and auditions for Berkeley Shakespeare Festival will be coming up around the first of the year. So . . . who knows.

At this point I just want to keep doing what I love best and do best. If I get to the point where I can leave other work and do that full time, that would, of course, be splendid.

Although I haven't been in these pages as much lately, I haven't neglected my writing either. I recently started working again on a children's book I put aside some years ago. I'm now up to page 227 and seem to be on a roll.

I've also nearly finished a mystery short story. A couple of hours of library research and a few paragraphs of writing, and that one will be ready to ship off on a merry round of publishers.

All of this in addition to coping with the usual day-to-day things like house, car, pets, job and so on.

So, although I haven't done much recently connected with the transgender subculture, I've hardly been idle and don't foresee being idle.

I'm sorry to be leaving these pages, they have been a good place to say a lot of things I felt needed saying. And from the kind comments readers have occasionally sent, I would judge they have, at least now and then



# probably) Linda Lee Column

been helpful.

I will miss all of you who have been kind enough to send news, booklists, comments, criticism, or just kind words. By the nature of this column I could not have done it without you. I appreciate all you have done and thank you all.

And thanks, too to those people who never wrote, but who *read* the column and got something from it, even if it was only a smile now and then.

You, after all, are the only reason this is here. These columns were never written to amuse me, though on good days that might happen too. They were written to entertain, amuse, enlighten, and perhaps even educate (in the nicest possible way) *you*.

Before I finally say farewell and fade into the sunset, a couple of notes.

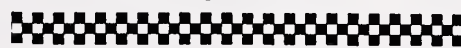
I was saddened to hear, the other day, that Dr. Harry Benjamin had passed away at age 101. As many of you know, he was the man who did the first in-depth research of transsexuality and his book *THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON* was the cornerstone for everything which has followed. But beyond that, he was a great and good spirit and his humanity still shines forth in the legacy of honest concern and compassion that was reflected in his writing and in his life.

The "Conversation With Linda Lee" tape is no longer available. From now on orders will be returned. Thanks to all of you who did buy the tape. I hope it was useful to you.

I do still have just a couple of Tula's autographed pictures left. I've described this before in more detail, but it's enough to say it is

a beautiful large professional portrait photograph of one of the most beautiful TS's in the world who also happens to be a top British model. Each one was signed by Tula.

They cost \$15.00 and of that amount exactly \$15.00 goes to help the European Court fund of the Self Help Association for



*"I'm sorry to be leaving these pages. They've been a good place to say a lot of things."*



Transsexuals, the British organization which is supporting Tula's fight to be recognized legally as a woman.

I pay for careful packing and first-class postage to you on each photograph. The comments from the people who have bought photos so far has been very positive. This is one of those rare situations where you can get yourself a really neat goodie and feel good because you've helped a worthy cause.

Order the portrait from:

Linda Lee  
c/o Ozma Productions  
P.O. Box 23001  
Oakland, Calif. 94623

If you write me at that address you can also get information about the complete file (up to #32) of *FEMALE MIMICS* that I have for sale.

I'm leaving this open for

reasonable bids. A couple of people wrote when I mentioned this before, but promptly disappeared when I responded.

I also have a number of other magazines, etc. mostly duplicates copies, some of which are scarce. For instance I have a couple of extra copies of *CREATURE*, the beautiful photo book that was featured in *F.M.I.* #34. For a while Publisher's Central Bureau had this, and I bought some to give as gifts, but I notice it is no longer in their current catalogue.

Interestingly, the last model featured in *CREATURE* is Eva, who was announced as being engaged to Tula at one time.

This book, of course, is fairly recent, but I have some things that date to the 60's, like some *Nutrix* titles. Again, if anyone is interested, let me know. If I get enough response I'll send out a list.

Well, that about takes care of everything except to say a big "Thank you!" to Kim for being a terrific friend, and for having me on board all this time, to Loretta for making sure I got my copies of the magazine and for being generally a neat person, and to all the other people at *F.M.I.* for the good work on typesetting, pasteup, photos and so on. . .

And once again, thanks to you all for coming along with me on this several-year voyage of discovery. Where I go from here no one knows, but wherever I go, I know I will look back fondly on my time here at *F.M.I.* and most fondly on all of you who shared this time with me.

Love,  
Linda







## The Mysteries of **TRANSSEXUALISM** Explored



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Heather Fontaine  
Summer St. Cerly  
and Tania

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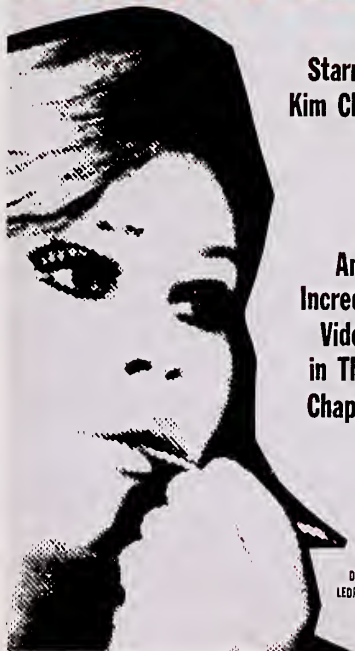
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